634 from Kupang was large, round, and of an almost
142 Caucasoid Negro type. He was very pleasant. He sweats a lot. Next to the Radja of Adonara, he seemed to be the most agreeable and the most intelligent. The Radja of Nageh Keo was obviously a minor radja in comparison to the others, while he was a nice lad, looking exactly like a Negroid Abdul Careem.

There were also two members of parliament, one from Larantuka but now resident in Ende, and the other from Kupang. They were young and agreeable lads. There was also the Radja of Ende, a smooth faced but dark fellow with straight hair. He looked a little like a dark Bao Dai. He was very pleasant and later helped a lot with getting a start in Ende. I had a few talks with these fellows, but I did not learn much.

122 We landed at Ende early on the morning of December 14, and I had to take the jeep off on a double barge. I drove it down the ramp to the beach.

As usual, the Information Office in Makassar had not sent the wire, or at least that is what the Dutchman said who met us. The Dutchmen who did come to meet us were Twerda, the Assistant Resident; two Controleurs, Ariens and Hettinga; and a Finance man Fekkes. The best one of these was the tall Ariens. All the radjas went
485 to the pasanggrahan and we nearly had to go to another one. Finally, however, we got a little room for two. We had lunch in state with the radjas at the pasanggrahan. The Ende radja was met by a delegation of hadjis recently back
771 from Mecca. The Ende radja is Mohammedan, and he told me later that in Ende the proportion of Christians to Mohammedans is about sixty-forty, but plenty of the people are pagan.

361 The town here is on a very picturesque bay,
133 with Pulo Ende rearing in it and with impressive

361 jagged mountains rising all around the town.
[133] There are also two amazing, high, flat topped volcanic peaks. One is called Gunung Medja. The town stretches along the shore, with plenty of red and yellow flowering trees. There is a large impressive alun-alun [field, plaza] going down to the beach in the center. Behind this are a number of good houses. On the east side is the market and on the west side are good
[342] houses too. The houses are well constructed and there was evidently not much bombing here.
[346] As usual, the high church is but a shell, as it was bombed, this time by the Australians.

485 I found that the town of Ende has practically nothing. There was no running water in the pasanggrahan except for a trickle in the morning.
[377] Electricity is weak and tends to break down.
443 The toko have very little in the way of merchandise. It is impossible to buy beer because the stores are out of it. The cigarettes from the distributie have all been used up and one now has to buy such items on the black market.
495 There is no gas pump, and I have to get gas at the V & W, which pours it out dirty from the tin. Because of this I have had trouble with the jeep for the first time. This is a real end-of-the-world-like place, although the appearance is
[132] rather nice. It is also extremely hot and humid, in fact it is the worst I have experienced yet. At midday it is like taking a Turkish bath here.

485 As usual, the pasanggrahan is not arranged for people who work or read. This is the Indonesian style.

634 The town of Ende is the only main town in the state. There is another state in the mountains, Lio, with a radja at Wolowaru. Then to the east is Sikka, with a radja, and east of that Larantuka, also with a radja. To the west of here is the Radja of Nageh Keo, and to the west of that the Radja of Ngada, at the capital

123 panda, a kampong about thirty kilometers to the west along the coast road. The drive was very
133 scary above tremendous cliffs above the sea, but the scenery was magnificent, with Pulo Ende in the bay and the mountains all around. The road is extremely dangerous, especially when the rains come. The kampongs here seem to be
[771] mainly Mohammedan. They are shabby. Only one
361 side, that which faces the sea, of Pulo Ende, is inhabited.

123 When we returned it was too late, although the men were sitting in the pasanggrahan. We talked
[582] for a little while and I got some information on the non-existence of strict exogamous marriage rules. We also talked a little about a map and the schedule with the assistant. Then we took them back to the kampong. We did nothing more that day, but the kapitan suggested that we go to Kilimutu, the colored lake mountain, on the next day, Sunday. I refused at first, but then thought that I might as well and get it over. I note that
[181] these people are not retiring and respectful like the Buginese, although the kapitan is really quite polite. Still he has an eye on the jeep as a means of getting around. They are all mad over the camera and talk constantly about photographs I should take and give to them. I could easily lose my patience with them. They keep asking for things.

126 The next day we went to the kampong at seven
123 in the morning and tried to get away fast. But we had to take photographs, and I was almost deluged with requests for more from all sides. I took pictures of the two old mosa laki, the kapitan, etc. The old mother of the kapitan, a good type with the usual betel teeth, asked me through the interpreter to take her photograph before she died. I said I would on the return
123 from the lakes. Finally we got off, and I had a terrible struggle insisting that I could take

123 only six, including me and Kattenburg, in the jeep. A wisecracking and obnoxious religious guru, who had started right off giving us a lecture on the virtues of Catholicism, got right in and displaced a better man.

632 The kapitan has no authority as I see it, and I remember the kapitan of Gunung Rodja who Ariens said has real power. He had told me that he had to help this kapitan all the time because he is so weak. He looks and acts this way, and is young anyway. He should have thrown the guru out. I would have done so, but I did not know what his influence really amounted to. Anyway, we finally got off with this unpleasant guru, who talked all the time in a raucous voice, the kapitan, the secretary (assistant) a nice lad, and a quiet relative of the kapitan who was dressed in adat clothes, a young man who sat in the rear box who said nothing. We went up the 487 dangerous road for 52 km., beyond Ndetosoko, pass- 133 ing a few kampongs, including the magnificent hillside kampong of Wologai, and Ndoeria. At km. 52 we turned off onto a grassy road and passed two kampongs on the twisting and high road to the mountain. We got there in two and one quarter hours in all, and it was a fine sight, on top of the world. The elevation is 1550 meters. Red lake is really almost brown. The green one is Nile green, and the blue one is robin's egg blue. We ate lunch, during which I found that in [262] Roworeke they eat dogs. The guru talked con- 521 stantly, and the kapitan seemed to be dominated by him. The secretary was his butt and he constantly punched and pushed him like a real joker.

123 I got so sore at the pressure to take more 181 than four of them along that I threatened to go home and call off the trip. All the way I thought of how disagreeable these people were, except for the secretary and a few other young ones. The old ones are almost uniformly O.K. The guru is oily and loud and hearty.

769 or ngadu. These and the bhaga, which I could
346 not see clearly but which are evidently merely minature rectangular houses for female ancestors, are notable features in just about all of the Ngada kampongs. Arndt[1] says the bhaga are empty, but I wonder. These two sorts of structures are erected by the prosperous folk to show respect and honor to their dead ancestors. Each one is given the name of the ancestor. Evidently, a person may build one for himself.

They are always built in pairs, one male and one female.

159 The very fat Radja of Ngada came to the
634 pasanggrahan in a uniform with shoulder epau-
224 lets, four stripes, and above this a cluster
[292] looking like a sunburst. The uniform was white and not unlike that of a KPM captain. He can't write, and is still a pagan, but he says that his children are Christian. He is very jolly and although tolerant I can see that he thinks little of the missions. He also criticized the forced labor which the Dutch demanded for road work when he was young. He said that anyone who wouldn't follow orders, including the radjas, was jailed or deposed. He is the man who joked about the Dutch and the "modern"
[595] Florenese. He never does much in administration, but likes to hunt and has many wives. He told us that he has many children and grandchildren. He gets in trouble with the government for burning the vegetation in deer hunts. He said it is necessary to kill deer as otherwise they would hurt the gardens. This land has practi-
311 cally no trees on it, but consists mostly of
[137] rolling naked hills as a result of overburning.
[133] Maybe the priest was right who said that he
[224] thought they were a hunting folk before and in those days they burned off the whole area in
[241] deer drives. Now they burn off the vegetable

[1] [See pp 366-69 of Arndt as cited in bibliography, Cat. 113 -- Analyst]

We

534 drums and gongs were brought here from several
535 kampongs. These are the real tuan tanah articles.
[624] At one time three little girls danced with their eyes downcast and with very little movement of the feet. They wore slendang and nice
[292] dresses. The oldest man, looking like a nickel head Indian, had on an amazing costume with rich embroidery, and a silver fringe under his chin like a beard. For a head decoration he had a gilded horse. He also carried two kris, and each of the other men had one.

526 Now, at 6 P.M., after all day of it, taking turns, the men are still whipping. This is a tireless business.

609 We get the impression of real remoteness
178 here. These men are from the kampong nearby, and in this large bowl of distant mountains they are in their old dress doing the weird old practices and it has little to do with modern freedom and independence. When we go to such a place they look more at us than at the performers. We steal the show. But this is so all over Indonesia for whites. And they stare at us endlessly.

304 The tuan tanah of Weol has an elaborate set of patterns tattooed on his arms.

291 The Manggarai men often wear plaited, flat, songko-like headgear.

~~291~~
492 The horses here are important. Men and women ride them, but mainly the former. The whole
● [133] open land looks like the wild West. The priests use only horses here. They are small and spirited and bells are usually placed around their necks.

614 The next day we went again to Weol and asked
[624] if the tuan tanah and the kepala kampong were really brothers. If so, how could they belong to different panga. I found out that they are not brothers but merely distantly related.

The three panga names in Weol are the names

Wa

| | Male | Female | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Watuwiti | 127 | 124 | |
| Mudakaputu | 128 | 123 | |
| Laneda | 143 | 167 | |
| Riang Kanale | 107 | 114 | |
| Lewohala | 286 | 285 | |
| Riang Kamië | 430 | 427 | |
| Wailolong | 290 | 288 | |
| Leloba | 272 | 298 | |
| Totals | 1783 | 1823 | 3606 |

The Christians then totaled 1973.

133 Ili Mandiri is at an elevation of 1501 meters, the highest around here.

582 621 578 Wailolong intermarries with all of the other seven kampongs, a bit more with those which are near than with those which are farther away. During the period after the Dutch entered (1912) there were practically no marriages with Leloba, because Wailolong was sore that Roy's father would not fight the Dutch. (The present enmity of Roy against the Dutch may be delayed reaction to this.) Since then, there has been more intermarriage, but extra-kampong marriage is relatively rare. Roy estimates that not more than ten per cent of the cases are extra-kampong marriages. This holds for both sexes.

591 583 If a man lives matrilocally (which is optional if no bride price is paid, or if the bride price is paid only in part), he keeps the privileges he has in his own kampong, but he works for his food with his father-in-law in the latter's kampong.

If the bride price is not paid, he may live in either kampong, and this is merely something which has to be agreed upon. Roy says that about half of such marriages follow patrilocal residence and about half matrilocal residence.